[](http://www.google.com/imgres?hl=en&gbv=2&biw=1366&bih=620&tbm=isch&tbnid=kEgpVAx9Td35vM:&imgrefurl=http://blogtiwul.blogspot.com/2011/04/fat-girls-show-off-baby-bump.html&docid=5MD6LGF8Qdg_SM&imgurl=http://blogs.citypages.com/sports/fatgirl.jpg&w=275&h=350&ei=5AI4T4PsA4qZgwfex4mwAg&zoom=1)Too Fat

By, anonymous author

I had thin and fat years as a child, but I was never anything but plump; however, this wasn’t enough in the third grade to save me from endless teasing. Boys would trip me as I walked back to my seat at the back of the class, and I was picked on constantly without fail. I was also very tall and large, the tallest in the class including all the boys. I got picked on for being tall as much as for being overweight. One day, in third grade, I left for school. I saw my friend Lynn for a while but then she had to go to her class. On my way in, a group of three boys started to harass me, calling me name after name....Fatty two by four, Amazon, Earthquake girl, Piggy, Fatso etc. They shoved me and pushed me, but I managed to get away! I remember feeling as a kid....”I can’t take this anymore!”  
  
All morning, for some reason, the class was ragging on me all day. I yelled at them to shut up but to no avail. For some reason that day, I couldn't take it anymore! I went to a small Catholic school and we had cloakrooms instead of lockers. The teacher left the room because a classmate had a terrible nosebleed. The other kids started in with their insults and I LOST IT! These insults centered on taking my lunch away to make me lose weight for my own good.   
  
I ran into the cloakroom to get away from them, and I started smashing their bagged lunches. I yelled, “If I can’t eat lunch, neither can you! Apples and sandwiches went flying. Then some classmates ran in. I started punching and fighting. The fight moved out into the classroom. I was so angry some kids were running! Remember, I was also the largest kid in the class. I punched one boy in the jaw and knocked his twin sister to the floor! I scratched and kicked and even drew blood on a few kids with fingernails! I was totally going ballistic! I remember being so angry that there was no time for fear! The thing that was so shocking is I was known as a quiet teacher’s pet!

The teacher came running in and was literally in shock at the disarray of her classroom. I got dragged down to the principal’s office where I stayed for around an hour while they contacted my mother at work.   
The principal, who was a nun, lectured me about restraining my anger and I ignored her. After all she had let my torture continue. I was suspended for at least three days in the third grade! My mother came in, and she and the principal talked about transferring me to another class and my mother told her off.  
  
It scares me because, looking at photos from that time, I was maybe 25lbs overweight and also very tall, far from what would be termed “obese.” But since I was the heaviest in the class, I was the target.  
Later a heavier girl would join the class, and I remember feeling relieved! She took the brunt of abuse. I would defend her at times, but we were both hopelessly outnumbered. Twenty years later, I saw her photo in *Parade* magazine; it was her because it was the name of our community, and I recognized her face. She talked about how she had become an anorexic and almost died in her high school years. I had moved to another state by that time! I understood why, having seen her abuse.   
  
School can be hell on a fat kid. There is no doubt about that. I wonder how many kids from that school would believe that I am now a very well paid model for the *Dove* Company. Plus-sized maybe, but a model nonetheless!